RULES OF LIFE:

BEING

Good *Wishes* to the

CLERGY

And LAITY; For whose use the

ASSE'S COMPLAINT

Was Written.

BY

LEWIS GRIFFIN.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Mayle* at the *Prince's Armes* in *Chancery-Lane*, 1663.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE PREFACE.

MAn that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like unto the Beasts that perish; when our first Parents lost *Gods Image* they were *degraded* from *Humanity* as well as *Divinity*, and became as *brutish* as the *Creatures below them*; so that there is no *Beast*, or *Monster* in the *Wilderness* of the *Great World*, but what may be found in the *Microcosmus* or *Little-world* of *Man*.

Hence it is that *false Prophets* are said to be *inwardly Wolves*, Drunkards *inwardly Swine*, Whoremongers *inwardly Goats*, Dissemblers *Foxes*, Flatterers *Dogs*, Valiant Men *Lyons*, Innocent Men *Lambs*, as though we had *Cloathed* our *Souls* with their *Natures*, as well as our *Bodies* with their *Skins*.

Amongst the rest it hath been my Part to act the *Asse*; and no wonder, for the whole *Kingdome* hath done the same before me, and (like the *Tribe* of *Issachar*) been a long time *Couchant* betwixt *two burdens*, that is (in plain *English*) the *Prophanesse* of some who call themselves the *Kings true Subjects*, and the *Hypocrisie* of others, who term themselves *Gods precious Saints*, as though *Loyalty* consisted in *Ranting*, *Swearing*, and *Drunkenesse*, or *Religion* in *Treason*, *Murder* and *Sacrilege*.

I am not ignorant how some have rebelled against the *King* in *nomine Domini*, witness the *Devills Martyrs* at *Charing-Crosse*, who pretended their *unparallel'd Treason* was *Acted* in the *fear of the Lord*; others have sinned against *God in nomine Regis*, witnesse those *Hectors* of the times whom if you should check for *Swearing* would call you *Phanatick*; others have *dishonoured* the *Church in nomine Episcopatus*, and (as the wickednesse of *Phinehas*, and *Hophni*, made the people *abhorre* the *Sacrifice*) so hath their *Ignorance*, *Scandall*, *Insufficiency*, made the Sacred name of *Bishop*, the *decent Ceremonies* of the *Church*, and the Divine *Liturgy*, become *odious*. And

And shall a man see all this and be afraid to speak? no *Friends*; these are not times to *dumb*, and *flatter*; the *sinfull burden* of a *corrupt Balaam* will make a *dumb Asse* turn *Orateur*; The *Soul* of a Man or Woman (I hope I may speak it without *offence*) is worth more than his *Majesties* three *Kingdoms*, and shall the charge of a Whole *Congregation* of these be committed to a *Dunce*, a *Drunkard*, a *Beast*, that hath neither *Grace*, nor *Learning*? *God forbid*; shall he that writes nothing but *Truth*, and *Reason*, have his *Mouth stop'd* with being told he is a *Seditious Person*? Shall it be more safe for some men to *Commit Sin*, then for others to *reprove them*? I hope not.

In the Verses called the *Asses Complaint* (however they may be mistaken) I know nothing that can justly offend a *sober Man*; The *King Himself* hath Declared that it is, and shall be his *Majesties Will* **That no Insufficient, Negligent, nor Scandalous Ministers be permitted in the Church**, &c. and may not a *Subject* Lawfully *Beg* that which the *King* is Graciously pleased to *Grant*; He that sayes the Asse hath

ſpoken Treaſon, Let him tell him that Prays *Thy Will be done*, that he ſpeaks *Blaſphemy*.

But (poſſibly) it is ſuppoſed by ſome that *Ignorance*, and *Scandall*, are quite out of *faſhion*, and that there is no ſuch thing in any of the *Clergie*. Truly I could wiſh it were ſo indeed; But when our *Saviour* amongſt *twelve Diſciples* had one *Devill*, it would be a wonder that the *Biſhops* amongſt ſo many *thouſand Curats* ſhould have *none*; Yet to name, or mention any *particular Perſon* (untill I have further occaſion (I think) will be as *abſurd*, as for a *Miniſter*, that reproves any *groſſe Sin*, to tell his *Pariſhioners*, openly in the *Pulpit*, the name of any *Perſon* whom he knows to be *Guilty*.

Let this ſuffice; although others are *unſatisfied* with the *harſhneſſe* of my *Expreſſions*, yet I my ſelf am well *ſatisfied* with the honeſty of my *Intentions*, which (I queſtion not) will bear me out againſt all *malicious Gain-ſayers*.

Now whereas it is objected that my *unlucky Pamphlet*, hath proved a Doctrine of *Sedition* unto *diſaffected* perſons. What then (I beſeech you ?) have they not alſo made the

same use of the Sacred *Word* of God? If a *Revengeful* wretch should *stab* his *Neighbour*, would that hand that made the *Sword* be found accessory to the *Murder*? I think not.

It was not my *purpose*, when I published those Verses, to *encourage Sedition*, but to *rebuke Prophaneſſe*; and therefore, to give the *Reader* further *ſatisfaction*, I have written these following *Precepts*, which are the *Rules* by which those *People walk*, for whose sakes the *Cry* was written; You may find in them *ſeaſonable advice*, which, though it seem to lye confuſedly in my *Meditations*, will be brought into better *order* in your *Practice*.

He that would know more of my mind, let him read my *Apology* which follows the *Verſes* of *H. W.* (for the reſt of His *name* I know not) I could wiſh that he had *imployed* his *Wit* to a better *purpoſe*; I can only *Judge* this, that the *Gentleman* is a *civil Perſon*, and his *Reply* is an *Ingenious piece* of *Miſconſtruction*; as for the *Reſt* who have written againſt me I regard them not at all, I ſhall not *throw ſtones* at every *Dog* which I hear *bark*; Only I beg of the *Ingenious Reader*, to *weigh* my *words* in

the

the *ballance* of *Reason*; and not (like the rude *Barbarians*) to account me a *Notorious Sinner* because he sees I am *stung* with *Viperous Tongues*.

It is not unknown to several *persons of credit* in the *Country* where *I lived*, how much I have been *persecuted* by the *Presbyterian party*; and yet I am now *threatned* by some (who have more *malice* to *conceive* Mischief, than *power* to *bring it forth*) for being a *supposed Enemy* to (that which I alwayes *Adored*) Episcopacy; And not only I, but the *Stationer* who Printed my *Verses*, Mr. *Marsh*, although he hath (to manifest his *Loyalty*) Printed more *Sheets* against *that Monster* in *Politicks*, called the *Rump*, than all of his Profession in *London*, to the *Hazard* of his *Life*, and losse of his *Liberty*; Which things being rightly considered, we both may Deserve a *Milder Censure*.

THE

THE DOCTRINE OF THE ASSE.

1. STay! hasty Reader—Least the strangeness of our *Title*, which (at the first view) may seem to promise nothing but some *antick* piece of *Drollery*, or messe of Ridiculous *Nonsense*, should cause thy careless hand too soon to cast away this well *meaning Paper*; Remember (I beseech thee) that however contemptible the *Asse* is in this *age*, yet in the dayes of the Prophet *Isaiah* he was a great *Rabbi* in *Israel*: insomuch that *Heaven* and *Earth* were called to witness how far he excelled the very *people of God* in Knowledge, nay we may confidently believe that, even in our times, the *Churches* of *Christ* and *Houses of Prayer* would be more frequented, if those *dark Souls* whom *errour*, or *Atheism* detains from the *publick*

Ordinances, had but such a *Schoolmaster* to teach them to *know* their *Masters crib*. Neither is the *Asse* lesse *exemplary* for his *Obedience* than *Knowledge*; Observe how faithfully he gave *Balaam* an account of his Service, and for his falsly supposed Crime pleaded *Primum Tempus*; Alas *Reader*, should Divine Justice bring thee and I to a Reckoning but for the *sins* of *one hour*, yet which of us could use the Asses *Apology*? Certainly this is a Creature both *serviceable* and *harmlesse*, or else our *Saviour* had not *chosen* him for his *own use*, The *Asse* carried *Christ* to *Jerusalem*, a most honourable office of which even the greatest *Prelate* might be justly ambitious; Be not therefore offended at our *Title*, we present thee with nothing that savours either of *Prophanesse* or *Faction*, if thou art Evil it may do the good, If good it will do thee no hurt, thy eyes may safely read it without any breach of their *Covenant*.

2. It is no wonder that we live in a *straggling* age, for the *fall* of *Adam* broke the *bones* of his *Children*, and *cripled* his *Posterity*; the *Sons* of *men* are both *blind* in their *Judgements*, and *lame* in their *Practises*, and (notwithstanding the *still voyce* which is behind us) we are continually turning unto the *right hand* or to the *left*, and either falling into a *Religious rebellion* or a *Loyal prophanesse*. The pious *Apostle* foresaw our *failings*, and therefore left us two excellent Precepts, *Fear God*, and *Honour* the *King*, that all our lame *Professors*, who *halt betwixt God and Baal*, might make use of them as a *pair of Crutches*.

3. Doe

3. Doe not think that thou canst be a *Friend* to the *King* whilst thou art an *Enemy* to *God*: *Drunkenesse*, *Swearing* and *Whoredome* are no *Badges* of a *Christian*, nor of a *true Cavalier*, *His Majesty* will not *protect Sin*, neither canst thou *honour him* by *dishonouring* his *Masters*. If thy *crying iniquity* should invite Gods Judgements to the *Court*, it would *cost* thy *Soveraign* Dear to give them *entertainment*.

4. *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisedom*; There is no *Wisedome* without *Fear*; the *voyce of God* made our first *Parents* afraid; a serious sense of *Gods* all-seeing eye begets in us a *Holy timerousnes* and *conscientious care* to doe all things as in *his presence*; *Serve the Lord with fear*, *and rejoyce in him with trembling*; Lest thou shouldst *presume*, let thy *service* be joyned with *fear*, and least thou shouldest *despair* let thy *trembling* be mixt with *joy*.

5. Consider *where thou art*, and in what *place* thy *Lines* are *fallen*, thou sittest not in the *Region* of the *Shadow* of *Death*, but in the *clear sun-shine* of the *Gospel*; and therefore shouldest thou be *condemned*, it would not be for *want of Light*, but for *love of Darknesse*; Thou hast a *Double birth-right*, first above *other Creatures*; as thou art a *Man*: Secondly above *other Men*, as thou art a *Christian*; Thou art also *entrusted* with *five talents*, whereas the *Jew* hath but *two*, and the *Heathen* but *one*: be not therefore a *prophane Esau* to *sell* thy *Birthright*, nor an *unprofitable Servant* to *imbezel*

thy *talents*, nor a *cursed Ahab* to *forfeit* the *reversion* of *Paradice* for the *Possession* of thy *Neighbours Vine-yard*, not one of those poor *penny-wise Politicians*, who striving to *gain the World loose their own Souls*, which is as if a Man should *cut off his hands* to purchase a *pair of Gloves*, or *pull out his Eyes* to buy *a pair of Spectacles*.

6. Beware therefore of the *World*; God is said *to rain upon the wicked snares, fire and brimstone*; It is the wickednesse of men which makes *Pleasures*, *Riches*, *Honours*, *Friends*, and all other *Temporal Blessings*, *prove* unto them *mere Traps* and *Gins*. And it is to be feared, that hee who will not endeavour to *shun* the *shower of Snares* in *this World*, will hardly avoid that of *Brimstone* in an *other*. In brief, The World is a Dissembling *Jael*; If thy *Necessity* compell thee to *drink of her Bottle*, yet let not thy *folly* betray thee to *sleep in her tent*; for know she hath both *milk* to *feed* thee, and a *Mantle* to *cover* thee, and a *nail* to *strike into thy temples*.

7. Yield not unto the *Devill*; but *resist him and he will flee from thee*; He was once *baffled* by *Angells* and now he is *fighting* against *Men*; He appeared in *Heaven* in the *shape of a Dragon*, but upon *Earth* he hath taken the form of a *Lyon*, and is *continually going about seeking whom he may devour*; those in whom he *dwells* are either *openly Prophane*, or *close Hypocrites*; but observe this *distinction*, he is *Rampant* in the one, and *Couchant* in the other. When he *tempted* our *Saviour* he had *three strings* to his *bow*, which

which he makes use of to this day; If thou art a *poor man* he courts thee with the *Temptation of Bread*; If thou art *unstable in thy Religion* he sets thee upon the *Pinnacle*; If thou art *proud* and *ambitious*, he *carries* thee up into the high *Mountain*. Who ever thou art, if thou *travellest* in *this world* thou wilt dayly *meet* him, he hath a *stratagem* like that of *Joab* to *Abner*, he will call thee aside pretending businesse; But *turn not unto him*; If he upbraid thee with the *first Adam*, tell him of the *second*; If he boast of his *Victory* in the *Garden*, ask him how he *Sped* in the *Wildernesse*.

8. But chiefly *take heed* of thy *Judas flesh* which *betrays* him who daily *nourishes* and *feeds* it; *Look not upon a Woman to Lust after her*, but if *Jezabel* be got into the *window* of thine *eye*, then let *holy thoughts* (like those *Officious Eunuchs*) cast her out in *penitential Tears*: Listen not to the *voice* of a *Land Syren*, neither let *Satan Buffet* thee with thy *own Rib*; But *abstain* from *carnal* Lusts and thou shalt be *happy*, for he that keeps a *Lent* in his *desires* shall have an continual *Easter* in his *Conscience*.

9. To this end be advised by the *Royal* Preacher, *Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth*; It would argue a very *bad memory* in thee to *forget* him as soon as thou art *come out of his hands*: *Repentance* in *old age* is like *Rain* in *Harvest*, it may do *good*, but (believe it) 'tis *very unseasonable*; The *time to weep* is mentioned before the *time to laugh*, and the *time to sow* before the *time to reap*; Mistake not therefore thy

Seasons, but let thy *youth* be a *sowing in tears*, that so thine *age* may be a *reaping in joy*.

10. Study principally the *Practical part of Religion*, and strive rather to *obey* thy Masters *known will*, than to *search into* his *secret Counsels*; it becomes not *Men* presumptuously to enquire into that which is *hidden* from the very *Angels*. We read how *Iob* was posed concerning *Hail*, *Snow*, and other *Questions* in the *book* of *Nature*; Now tell me (shallow Man) since thou canst not give a *true account* of what is done, but in the *Clouds* and *Firmament* which are only the *out-houses* of *Heaven*; how wilt thou *presume* to give *Intelligence* of the *Affairs* of *Jehovahs Closet*, and of the Transactions of his *Counsel-Table*? *Predestination* is a fitter Subject for *wonder* than *dispute*, It is a mysterious *Euripus* in the *blood* of *Christ*; And it would be better for thee (like *Aristotle*) to *cast thy Soul in with the Tide*, than in vain to *study the cause of the flowing*.

11. That thou mayst have a *right Judgement*, and *Apprehension* both of *Men*, and *things*, learn to *distinguish betwixt Good and Evill*, which is the great *Dicotomy* of the *intellectual world*, and the *two terms* in thy *conversion*; The *Devill* perhaps hath taught thee an other *lesson*, only to make thee *forget this*; that is to distinguish betwixt *Papist*, and *Protestant*, *Prelat*, and *Presbyterian*, *Independant*, *Anabaptist*, *Quaker*, and other *Sects*, whereof if every one should have a *particular Session* at the *day* of *Judgement*, we might imagine *our Saviour* to be *Centemanus* (as the *Poets* feign *Briareus*

Briareus) having an *hundred hands*; But know these are *distinctions* of *Passion* rather than *Reason*, and a strange kind of *Language* which our *Babel-Builders* have learned since their late *Confusion*; for there are but *two wayes*; Men are not *Saved* or *Condemned* for being *called* by this, or that *name*, but through *Faith*, or *Unbelief*; a *Devout Papist* is better than a *Hypocritical Protestant*, a *Godly Presbyterian*, than a *Debauched Conformist*; and there is *Room* in Heaven for *Religious Anabaptists*, and *Well-meaning Quakers*; Let not therefore thy *Tempter* so far impose upon thy *Judgement*, as to make thee abhor the *Harmlesse* and *Decent Ceremonies* of the *Church* because they are said to be *Popery*; nor to dissent from any *Orthodox truths*, because some may call them *Arminian Tenents*; nor to *Persecute* any of thy *Brethren* because they differ from thee in *Notions* and *Speculations*; (In a word) as thou art not to *believe* every mans *Opinion*, so thou oughtest not to *hate* any mans *Person*, for the one would show thou hadst *too much Faith*, and the other would argue thou hadst *too little Charity*.

12. Think not that it is enough to make thee a *Christian* that thou wert once *Baptized* with *water* in thy Infancy; perhaps thy *sowish Soul* hath been a thousand times in the *Mire* of natural *pollution* since that *sprinkling*; We commonly say to *Dirty Children* that the *Gardener* will *sow Leeks* in their *faces*; we may more truly tell our *Bruckled Professours* that the *Devill* will sow *Tares* in their *Souls*; to prevent this, *Baptize* thy *Soul* in the *Blood* of *Christ*, and *Rebaptize* thy

thy *Face* in thine own *Tears*. The *Baptism* of *John*, was a *Baptism* unto *Repentance*, and therefore he that hath been *Baptized*, but, not unto *Repentance*, shall have cause to *Repent* that ever he were *Baptized*.

13. As for thy *Prayers*, let them be *frequent*, and *fervent*; Let not thy *Tongue* out-run thy *Heart*, but be such *inwardly* to *God*, as thou wouldst willingly appear *outwardly* to *Men*; Let there be no *incongruity* betwixt thy *voice*, and *hands*, neither let thy *Soul* study the *Phrase* of *Ashdod*, whilest thy *Lips* speak the language of *Canaan*; Make use of thy own *gifts* in *private*, of the *Common-Prayer* in *publick*, of the *Lords Prayer* in both; But tell me (*Zealous Brother*) art thou offended at the noise of the *Organs*? And therefore *hugely* taken with their *Doctrine* who make it their Business to *rail* against them? Oh how grosse is thy Ignorance, to run from that *Musick* which is so highly commended by the *Psalmist*, and yet to follow the *Lectures* of those *scolding Seducers*, who (the *Apostle* tells thee) are but as *sounding brass*, and as a *Tinkling Cymball*; It is *unwholesome* for thy *Soul* to sit in the *wind* of such *Doctrine* which may make thy *Charity* to get *cold*, and blow *dust* into the *eyes* of thy *understanding*.

14. Think it not *strange* concerning the *Fiery Tryall*; The Lord hath promised *to purge away our Drosse, and to take away our Tin*; the *Drosse* is grosse *Prophanesse*, the *Tin* is glittering *Hypocrisie*; Now till we find our selves *freed* from these, we must expect the

the *Refiners fire* in the *Furnace* of *Affliction*. *Sustine, & Abstine*, was *Epictetus* his *Philosophy*, *The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away*, was *Jobs Divinity*; study therefore to *understand* the one, and labour to *practice* the other; for if thou canst *abstinere* when the Lord *gives*, thou maist *sustinere* when he *takes away*. Consider the *Example* of the *Holy Jesus*. Remember his *Sufferings*. With what an *unwilling willingnesse* did he take off his *bitter draught*? If therefore Providence should put the same *Cup* into thy *Hand*, wouldst thou refuse to *pledge* that *health* which thy *Master* first began to thy own *Soul*? He that well understands the *Glory* of the *Crosse*, will never complain of its *weight*, there is in it *plus honoris quam oneris*; How canst thou expect greater *preferment* in this *world* than to be *Standard-bearer* to him who is the *Captain* of thy *Salvation*?

15. If thou art stung with *fiery Serpents*, (that is *calumniating tongues*) run presently to the *Brazen Serpent*, which thou maist find *lifted up* in the *Gospel*; *Blessed are yee when men Revile yee, and Persecute yee for My names sake, &c.* If thou art a *Common Drunkard*, *Prophane Swearer*, or *base Whoremonger*, whilst thou continuest so thou shalt be called a *good fellow*, an *honest Cavalier*, and a *well bred Gentleman*; But when thou changest *Saul* into *Paul*, and reprovest those *Sins* which thou didst once *commit*, what canst thou then expect, but that the *Devill* who was before leading thee to *Presumption*, should now attempt to drive thee to *dispair*, and cast into thy *face* both

the *iniquities* of thy *Childhood*, and the *follies* of thy *Youth*; and (if these fail) thy *Poverty*, and *natural Deformity* shall be charged (as *Crimes*) against thee; But be not *discouraged* at these things, There will (one day) be *honour* for thee as well as comfort for the *mourner*, for amongst the people of God there will be both a wiping of *Tears* from the *Eyes*, and a washing of *Dirt* from the *Faces*.

16. Be not discouraged from *walking* in the *ways* of *God* because of the *scandal* and *miscarriages* of some *Professours*; The *best things* being *corrupted* become the *worst*; *Mercy* may be *abused*, *Grace* turned into *wantonnesse*, and *Christ* himself be made a *stumbling-block*; Shall we therefore have no *Mercy*, no *Grace*, no *Christ*? God forbid; The *wolvish nature* of a few *Hypocrites* shall not make *Sheeps-cloathing* become *odious*; neither will we lay down the *Profession* of *Religion*, because some who took it up proved *Rebels* and *Traytors*; The *Scribes* and *Pharisees* had not been condemned for their *Long-Prayers*, If they had not used them as so many *Graces* before their *cursed Meals* of *Widdows Houses*.

17. When thou heareſt the *word* preached, consider *Who* it is that *Knocks* at thy *Door*; Wilt thou be a Religious *Hotham* to shut the *King* of *Glory* out of his own *Garrison*? or wilt thou (like those discourteous *Bethlemites* deny thy *Saviour* entertainment in the *Inn*, thy *Heart*, and *lodg* him only in the *stable*, or *outward room*, thine *Ear*? Know (careleſse man) that

that if thou denyest to *open* to *him* in *thy day* which is the *day* of *Grace*, hee will refuse to *open* to *thee* in *his Day*, which is the *day* of *Judgement*.

18. That thy *Soul* may enjoy her *freedom*, labour to *subdue* thy *Passions*, *Let not the Sun go down upon thy Wrath*; *Anger* is said to *rest* in the *bosomes* of *fools*; for indeed no *wise man* will be willing to *harbour* (in his House) a *Thief* or *Murderer*; *wrath of four and twenty hours standing* takes a *Degree* in the *School* of *Satan*, and commences *Revenge*; The *Devil* can, in the space of a *Day* and a *Night*, *hatch* his *Cockatrice-egges* in thy warm *Bosome*. But observe the *fruits* of *Sin*, That which *buds* in *Anger*, *blossomes* in *Malice*, growes *ripe* for *destruction*, and is *gathered* in *Damnation*. It was an *Antidote* prescribed by *Athenodorus* to *Augustus Cæsar* to repeat over the *Letters* of the *Greek Alphabet*; It would be a Christians better, and safer *Remedy* to think upon him who is the *Alpha* and *Omega*.

19. To avoid those many, and dangerous *falls* which may happen unto thee (in thy *Journey*) by that *unruly Beast*, thy *Tongue*, be sure to take (along with thee) *Davids bridle*; Take heed of that cursed *Cacoethes*, which is now accounted the *Badge* of a *Gentlemans Swearing*; If there will be (*one day*) an *account* given of *Idle words*, there will be surely a *stricter* reckoning for *Oathes*, and *Blasphemy*, and if to say *Lord we have prophesyed, and preached in thy Name*, will be no good *excuse*, certainly then to say *Lord we have*

sworn and ranted in thy Name, can be no Lawfull *Apology*.

20. Have a great care to observe the *Lords day*; If we refuse to keep *a day of Rest*, how can we expect *a time of Peace*; the *breach* of one *Commandement* draws on the *Violation* of an other; When the *Prophane party* had *liberty* Given them to break the *fourth Commandement*, then did the *Hyppocritical* take Liberty to break the *fifth*.

21. Let thy *Recreations* be *manfull*, not *sinfull*; there is a great vanity in the *baiting* of *Beasts*, the *Bears* and *Bulls* lived *quietly* enough before *Adams Fall*; It was our sin that set them together by the *Ears*, let us not therefore *rejoyce* to see them *fight*, for that would be to *glory* in our own *shame*, And to take delight in that which is the *fruits* of our *Apostasy*.

22. *Honour* and obey thy natural *Parents* although they be *poor*; for if thy *earthly Parents* cannot give thee *riches* and *honours*, yet thy *heavenly Father* hath promised thee *length of dayes*. But especially forget not thy duty to thy *Political father* the *King*; who is a *visible God*, as *God* is an *invisible King*; If thou *honourest* not the one, thou canst not *fear* the other. They who *murdered* the *King* would have done as much to *Christ* had he been then in the Flesh.

23. Let not thy envious *eyes* be *dazled* at the *Glorie* of thy *Princes mercie*, neither Goe about to rip open

these

these wounds which his *Royal clemency* hath *healed*. There are some sick of *Jonahs disease*, who because the Gourds of their *foolish hopes*, and expectations of *preferment* are *withered*, grow *sullen* and *discontented* that the poor penitent *Ninivites* are not *destroyed*: men of such *Principles* have cause to give thanks that *their selves* are not *Kings*, for *divine Providence* foreseeing the *mischievousnesse* of their *Spirits* did wisely to set them in such *places* where they might do the *Least* hurt.

24. And as thou art to *honour* the *King*, so *likewise* is it thy duty to *Reverence* the *Bishops*, and *Fathers of the Church*; for the one is *Gods Vice-roy*, and the others his *Embassadours*; be not like those who *envy* their *greatnesse*, and gape after their *Lands*; but *love* their *Persons*, and *obey* their *Doctrine*: and since it is *Gods* will to make them *Bishops*, I hope thou wilt give the *King* leave to make them Lords. Why not my *Lord Bishop* as well as my *Lord Iudge*? I think, of the two, the *Divine* is the more *noble Function*.

25. Labour to Keep *alive* in thy *breast* that *little spark* of *celestial fire* called *Conscience*; *Conscience*, like *Virgils Gnat*, doth with her *sting* awake the *sleepy Soul* thereby to prevent the *stinging* of the *Serpent*; *Conscience* to an *evil man* is a never dying *Worm*, and (as the Poets feign of *Prometheus*) a *Vultur* continually *Gnawing* his *Liver*, but unto a *Good man* a *perpetual feast*; so that he may well say with *Samson*,

out of the eater came forth meat.

26. The chief *Perfection* of a *Christian* is *Love*; which ought to be the *duty* of all men, Art thou for *old* things, the old *Religion*, old *Ceremony*, old *Customes*, consider there is nothing so *old* as *love*; or art thou for *new* things, new *Lords*, new *Laws*, new *Lights*, (or rather *new nothings*) alas *poor Child*! there is nothing so *new* as *love*; Whether therefore thou art an *old Heretick* called a *Iesuite*, or *new one* called a *Phanatick*, let *love* oblige thee; *Love* is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the *New* and the *Old Commandement*. If thou wilt not Believe me, enquire of St. *Iohn* the *Apostle*, and he will shew thee *Epistle* for the One, and *Gospel* for the other.

27. If thou wouldst enjoy *true contents*, live quietly in that *Vocation* unto which *Providence* hath *called* thee; *Meddle* not with another mans *trade* and *imployment*, but learn to *move* in thy own *Sphear*e, and to mind thy *particular Function*; Our *old Adversary*, the *Devil*, who tempted *Adam*, with a *promise* to make him *as a God*, hath a *fine bait* for thee also: If thou art a *Traytour* he will *promise* to make thee *as a King*: If thou art a *Factious Presbyter* he will *promise* to make thee *as a Bishop*. It is his design to set the *Church* upon the *wrack*, and to *dislocate* the *Ioynts* of the *Mystical Body* of Christ.

28. Call thy self to an *account* each *night* for the *sins* of the *past Day*, and reckon in the *Morning* for the *iniquities*

iniquities of the *night*; God hath a *book* for thy *sins*, and a *Bottle*, for thy *tears*; If *humane frailty* run 'oth' *Score* in his *book*, then let *Repentance* fill his Bottle: The way to avoid *Gods judgements* is to *judge* thy *self*, and by *condemning* thy *Self* thou mayest shun *Damnation*.

29. Remember often the *brevity* and *uncertaintie* of thy *Life*; consider what *business* thou hast here upon *earth*; thy Life is called a *Race* and a *warfare*, So *run this Race that thou maist obtain*, and so *fight this Warfare that thou maist become more than Conquerour through him who hath loved thee*; take heed of being *Uxorious* as well as *Covetous*; *Whores* and *Plunder* will ruine any *Army*; *Self* and *Pelf*, Bag and Baggage undoe the *World*.

30. If thou art not yet *Maried* but intendest it, get thee a *Wife modest*, rather than *Beautifull*; Meddle not with those *Ladies of the Game*, who make *Pageants* of their *Cheeks*, and *Shops* of their *Shoulders*, and (contrary to all other Trades) keep open their *Windows* on the *Sabbath day*, impudently exposing their *Nakednesse* to the view of a Whole *Congregation*, which *Eve* modestly covered when there was *no man* in the World present save only her *Husband*; *Black Patches* are an *abomination* in the sight of the *Lord*; And I believe that when *God* and *Sathan* shall divide their *flock* (it will be as with *Laban* and *Jacob*) the *spotted*, and *ring-streaked* will fall to the Devils *share*; Joyn not therefore thy Self unto an *Harlot*,

Harlot unlesse thou hast a mind to Hire a *Guide* to *Hell*.

31. But let it be thy main endeavour to *wed* thy *Soul* unto *Christ* which will be the *happyest match*; The *Mariage* of the *First Adam* was not so *Honorable* as that of the *Second* will be *Glorious*; for then will hee give unto his *Spouse Fullness* of *Joy* for a *Possession*, and make her a Joynture of *everlasting Pleasure*; whereas the chiefest *Jewell* that the *Flesh*, the *world*, and the *Devil* can boast of is *Deaths head* set in the *Ring* of *Æternity*.

This (*Christian Reader*) is part of the *Doctrine of the Asse*; as Good *Advice as* my *Sick Head* can (at the present) afford thee; But when the *powerfull voice* of Almighty God shall command a *Calm* in the *troubled Sea* of My *distempered Mind*, I shall present thee, If not with better matter, yet in a better Method. In the mean time accept of this from him who is

Thy Servant in him who became a Servant to make us free,

LEWIS GRIFFIN.

THE ASSES COMPLAINT AGAINST BALAAM: OR, The Cry of the Country against Ignorant and Scandalous Ministers.

To the Reverend Bishops,

YEE, *mitred Members of the House of Peers,*
The *Kings Church-wardens, and Gods Overseers,*
Fathers in Christ, we your poor *Children* cry
Oh give us *Bread of Life,* or elle we *die.*
For we are burd'ned with our *old Sir Johns,*
Who when we ask for *Bread* do give us *stones;*
And only *cant* a *Homily* or *two,*
Which *Daws* and *Parrots* may be taught to do;
Drunkards Communicat, Unhallowed Hears,
That name *God* oftner in their *Oaths* then *Prayers.*
Into what darkness will our Church be hurld

r.

If such as these be call'd *The lights o'th' World?*
These that have nought to prove themselves devout
Save only this, *That Cromwell turn'd them out.*
Mistake us not, we do not mean those Loyal
And Learned souls, who in the fiery tryal
Suffer'd for *King* and *Conscience* sake; let such
Have double honour, we shall nere think much.
But this our tender Conscience disapproves,
That *Ravens* should return as well as *Doves*;
And *croak* in *Pulpits* once again to bring
A second Judgement on our *Church* and *King*.
Though *England* doth not fear another losse,
'Cause *God* hath *burn'd* his Rods at *Charing-crosse*;
Yet *Clergy sins* may call him to the Door,
Ev'n him who *whip'd* and *scourg'd* them out before.
Oh therefore ye that read the sacred Laws,
Eject their *Persons*, and disown their *Cause*:
God, and the *King* have both condemn'd this crew,
Then let them not be *patroniz'd* by *you*.
'Tis not their *Cassocks*, nor their *Surplices*
We quarrell at, there is no hurt in these;
We own their Decency, yet every *Foole*
Cannot be call'd a *Monk* that wears a *Cowle*;
Were *grace*, and *learning* wanting (by your leaves)
We would not pin our faith on your *Lawn-sleeves*;
'Tis *Aarons Breast-plate*, and those *sacred words*
Become a *Churchman* best, THAT THAT my Lords
Which pious *Baxter* makes his livery,
Would all our Curates were but such as he!
Pardon my *Lords*, we do not make this stir
To vindicate the *Factious Presbyter*;
We hate his wayes, and equally disown
The *Zealous Rebell*, as the *Idle Drone*;
And beg as oft to be deliver'd from
The *Kirk of Scotland*, as the *Sea* of *Rome*;
We pray for *Bishops* too, Oh may ye stand
To heal the sad distractions of the Land;
Then give us *Priests* loyall and painfull too,

To give to *Cæsar*, and to us our dues;
Who maugre all the pow'rs of Hell have stood,
Men that are neither drunk with Wine nor Blood:

God save King *Charles* our Christian Faiths Defender,
And bring Religion to its wonted Splendour.

Written in the behalf of the Country by Lewis Griffin.

A Supplement to the Asses Complaint against Balaam: *Or the Cry of the Country against Ignorant and Scandalous Ministers.*

AVaunt ye *Smooth-tongu'd Flatterers* of the Age;
Prattle ye *Meal-mouth'd Prophets*, clear the Stage;
Enter the *Asse* again, who (though he Kneel
Unto the *Higher Powers*) lifts up his Heel
Against all those who make Gods house a Den
Of * *Clergy Thieves*; Have at them once agen.
But harke; I hear a *Country Parish* crye,
"Were ever *Christians* in such *slavery*?
"Must we be taught by an *Illitterate Beast*?
"Hee *Preach*? Hee'l only teach our *Boyes* to *swear*.
Is then your *Priest* a *Swearer*? Hah — must he
That taunts a *Bishop* taste a *Pillory*?
And 'tis but Just, and right; yet who controules
Him who *Blasphemes* the *Bishop* of our *Souls*?
What? Is an *Oath* lesse *penal* than a *Word*?
Or is the *Servant* greater than his *Lord*?
No; *He that Swears* commits the fouler *Sin*,
And more deserves to lose his Ears than ——

* It hath been a Den of *Lay-Theeves* too long already.

'Tis true, *Seditious Spirits*, that Deny
Obedience to the *Sacred Hierarchy*,
Merit Severe Correction, let them hav't;
They'r the *Disturbers* both of *Church* and *State*;
Yet *Prelat's Zeal* would be much better shown
In striking *Gods offenders* than their *Own*.
Nay, *Gods* are *theirs*; for he that wears *lawn sleeves*,
Like *Christ* is murder'd 'twixt a *brace of Theeves*,
Both shew their *enmity*, but Divers wayes,
The *Presbyter denyes*, but *This betrayes*;
Now tell me (*gentle Reader*) which were Greater,
The *sin* of *Judas*, or the *crime* of *Peter*?
Then let the *Bishops* cast them out, for thus
They do but *Justice* to themselves and us;
Like the wise *Mariners*, who, to appease
The fury of the Raging *Winds*, and *Seas*,
Threw *Jonas* over-board: such was his *sin*,
There was no *Cannon Law* to keep him in.
Nor is it Reason *all* should be maintain'd
Ith' *Church*, who took *Degrees*, and were *Ordain'd*;
For He that after proves a *Drunken Beast*,
Degrades himself from *Man*, much more from *Priest*.
And such they were who caus'd our Bloody War,
When *Levy*'s tribe were kick'd by *Issachar*;
For though *Men* speak with a *not so my Sons*,
Yet *God* reprov'd them with the *voyce* of *Guns*.
Phanaticks, those *Philistins*, wan the field,
Whilst our *poor Israel* were forc'd to yield;
For *Ely's boyes* had lost the *Ark of God*,
Each *Phinehas* begot an *Ichabod*.
Then *Ob ye Bishops*, heal these sad disasters,
We do not call for *Rectors* but for *Pastors*.
A Priest should *lead* his *Parish as a Guide*,
Not *leap* upon their *galled backs* and *ride*,
For 'tis our *Mother Churche's* grand disgrace,
That these *black patches* stick upon her *face*.

Writen by *Lewis Griffin*.

BALA-

BALAAMS REPLY TO THE ASSE:

OR THE CLERGIES Answer TO THE Countryes Complaint.

To the Reverend Bishops,

You Learned Prelates of the House of Peers!
That sit in *Moses* Chair, and bow your ears
To Widows just Complaints, and Orphans tears!
Grave Fathers of the Church) to you we come!
Begging for Justice! though they say we are dumb;
If we were so indeed 'twere well for some.

To

To you we render our complaints alasse,
None fitter then an Angel to appease
The fray, betwixt poor Balaam and his Asse?
And that your Lordships are concern'd I'm sure;
Unlesse you can both scorn and losse endure,
The livings are your own, our's but the cure!
'Twill be no wonder to your Learned Train,
That *Issacar* of *Levy* should complain!
The Asses spleen, will in his mouth remain.
Nor wil't I hope seem strange to any one,
That there's amongst us such division,
Proud *Jack* did evermore abuse poor *John*!
In vain it is for Bala'm to reply
Unto the Asses charge, when all men cry,
A switch and spurr's the best Philosophy!
Yet in my heart I think no wise men do,
Think us false Prophets, for they all do know,
They are but Asses, that do count us so.
But oh we cannot hold, should we not speak,
And sigh aloud, our very hearts would break,
'Twould vex a *Moses* were he ne're so meek!
Say can it chuse but grieve our souls to see?
Simeon and *Levy* fight, both disagree?
And sorry boys, old Fathers villifie?
Did ever any since the cursed *Cam*,
Turn up his Fathers skirt, divulge his shame?
Yes, yes, mine own dear sons have done the same!
And as if God were deaf, and Conscience dumb,
Rebellion but a peccadillo, some
Like *Nero* have display'd their Mothers Womb.
Lord didst thou send, the wild and Savage Bear,
To slay th'untoward boys that scoffing were,
At the good Prophet for his want of hair?
How canst thou stay thy hand, when men and all,
Do joyn together, and us scoffing call,
Though not bald Priests by chance, yet Priests of *Baal*,
And why Sir *John*? what mean those names and words?
Or hath the Church her Knights, as well as Lords?

Or,

Or, tell me are her Keys exchang'd for Swords?
True not long since he lay dead in a sown,
Of civil Wars, the cross, and waining Moon,
Parted her Ensigns, and she was undone.
But that some gallant hearts that scorn'd the loffe
Of life and goods, at best but splendid dross
Stay'd for to help their Mother bear her Cross.
But why Sir *John*? would not St. *George* have been
A better Epethite, but chiefly when
Griffins, and *Draggons* are so nee'r a kin?
Or was't a greater piece of eminence,
To be a Mother, than a Maids defence,
Is love inferiour to obedience?
Why the rude Vulgar folk do call us *John*,
And adde a Sir, I must professe I'm one
As must go seek a revelation?
True, we have been as we do all confess,
A long time in the howling wilderness,
Save that we might not preach up righteousness!
Besides our Commons too were very small,
Like to the Baptist's, yet they differ all?
John fed on Honey, but we fed on Gall.
Yet we embrace the title, 'tis no shame
For to be Christn'd with the Baptists name,
May we be like him all a burning flame?
But ah this is not all that you do see,
A thousand harder names as yet there be
In the poor Parsons Genealogy.
Dogs, Bears and Wolves, Tigers and such as they
That range the silent Woods, live on the prey,
Are Hieroglyphicks fit for us they say.
And yet God knows our hearts, and souls we cou'd
Nor fight, nor fawn, be insolent, nor proud,
Or flush our selves with quaffing humane blood!
But so the Tyrant Monarchs of the East,
Us'd (in their Triumphs, or their solemn Feasts)
To bait poor Christians in the skins of beasts.
What 'tis we have done, truly we do not know,

To merit ill of them, did we wee'd go,
With bended knee to supplicate our Fo!
If we have took away from any one,
More than our Tenth's, on this condition,
We are ready to make restitution!
If Altars, Tapers, be Idolatry,
Gowns, Cassack, Tippets, rags of Popery,
Shew 'us good reason for't wee'l lay 'em by?
But if the reading Prayers be all our blame,
Cause Daws and Parrots may be taught the same,
The Ass may then return from whence he came?
For is there any man doth stand in need,
Of so much wit, as that he won't conceed,
To this, a Pye may sooner speak than read?
But oh we cannot pray our hearts are scant,
Strange that we cannot pray, and yet can cant,
The poor man never did expressions want!
True, we can't hang the head, and look demure,
Talk fast, and lowd like Monkeys in a Lure,
And then not question but to sin secure!
We do not love a long and tedious story,
Full of Parenthesis, pride and vain glory,
The *Pater Noster*'s the best Directory!
We do profess that we are none of those,
That Circumflex their Sermons with their Nose,
And mingle *Hopkins* Rimes, with *Wisdomes* Prose!
Yet would you but vouchsafe to view the Prayers,
Of your good Mother since these latter years,
Mixt with the incense of a Prelates Tears?
Would you but hearken to her groans, and cries,
Her sweet Pathetics and Apostrophies,
You'ld say there was no richer Sacrifice!
The penitent Disciple I durst swear,
Ne'r wept so much, when the pert Presbyter,
Fastned his Fetters, and did him secure!
Even so the Balm tree, lovingly bestows,
Its Tears on them, that do return it blows,
Tears healing as the blood that from it flows!

But

But stay here comes a scrole of Items, fright
Just like a Taylors Bill, a threadbare Knight,
They say we are sottish, loose, prophane, and light!
I do not wish these Articles may be,
As false a charge, as manifest a lye,
As those were of a former Century!
For then the bribed Person that should go,
To prove the imputation to be so,
Would be the greater scandal of the two.
But yet I pray, that we may be no less
Religious in plenty then distress!
In *Canaan*, then in the Wilderness!
But we are Drunkards, men will lye and swear,
Though we with modesty and tears declare,
True is our Doctrine, Temperance our prayer!
Then us for Thieves, and Robbers they do brand,
Though we professe we would upon no hand,
Purchase an Acre of the Churches Land!
But we are wanton, lustful, fond and fickle,
And in our Neighbours Corn do thrust our Sickle,
When we God-wot all hate a Conventickle.
Lastly we are dark Lights, blind Guides by name,
Though if we were, say which deserves most blame,
A glimering Taper, or a wandring flame?
And yet the faults not ours, we had no doubt,
Remain'd till now, bright shining and devout,
Had not a Sequestration blew us out!
That Northern Gust, that Fatal Hurrican,
That rush'd through all the quarters of the Land,
Rooted up Oaks, but let the Mushrooms stand!
Good Lord how prejudice and passion blears
Our eys; how self-ends lug men by the ears,
Which way the wind doth blow, the Saylor steers!
If we say nothing then they spurn and kick,
Call us dumb dogs, and throw us bones to pick,
The Ass will vapour when the Lyons sick!
When we refuse to see, at least to mind,
Their grose abuses, then the Priest is blind,

Weeping perhaps to see them so unkind!
But if we justifie our holyness,
And prove by reason, what we do profess,
The wisdome of the world is foolishness!
At last when envy cannot find a hole,
To shrowd her self, down they fit and Condole,
Tis a poor silly superstitious soul!
These are the Scoffs and Jeers, the cruel hits,
That wicked heads invent in drunken fits,
To vex good men, and exercise their wits.
O wicked World, O Monstrous Commonweal,
When men with great applause might kill and steal,
Sensure was Saintship, Sacriledge was Zeal!
When Churches lay like stables, Altars bare,
Or turn'd to Mangers, Priests and Organs were
Both silenc'd, none might preach unless they'd sware!
No Musick in the Church but Widows cries,
No Sacraments but Oaths, no Rites but lies,
No Christian Burial, and no sacrifice!
But thanks be to our gratious God, for why?
He heard our prayers, and harken'd to our Cry,
And thereupon turn'd our captivity!
We are all in peace, long may we so remain,
May the Crown flourish on our Soveraign,
And *Aarons* Rod blosom and bloom again!
May all the Kings and Churches Enemies
All their plots, projects, and conspiracies,
Be blown away like silly Gnats and Flies!
And now my Lords since we to you have cry'd,
And nothing that concerns us from you hide,
Pitty our sorrows, pardon us beside!
O Father *Abraham* how canst thou see,
The bondman scoff at *Isaack* and not be,
In love to him, offended presently?
Alass we don't sigh and complain, because
Our honours lie at stake, but the good laws,
Your reputation, and the Churches cause.
Tis time, tis time my Lords, or to keep in

For your own safeties, or go armed when
The Lyon's couchant, in the Asses skin!
I'le say but this, take't on a Levits word,
When once the Asse doth of his own accord
Thus kick Sir *John*, Hee'l quickly fling my Lord.

Written by H. W.

THE APOLOGY Of the AUTHOR of the *Asses Complaint against Balaam.*

RAge on, Ye proud *Philistins* of the Land,
I scorn your *Weakness*, and (like *Samson*) stand
Arm'd with an *Asses Jaw-bone* in my hand.

Sure he that tells me of *John Baptist*, jests,
And of the *Tyrants*, and their *Solemn Feasts*;
'Tis I that combat with *Ephesian Beasts*.

Hark! Hark! how *Ignis* howles, and *Bruis* roares,
Had *Dives* kept such Bear-dogs as his *Doores*,
They'd *Worried Lazarus*, not lick'd his *Sores*.

They tell us of a *Pillory*; What then,
We hope to see a *Resurrection*, when
The *Harmlesse beast* shall have his Ears again.

Nay they may take his *Life*, a worthy prize!

Yet he that spills his Blood cannot be wise,
For *Asses* ne're were ut'd in *Sacrifice*.

But must he *Die*? pray give him leave to *pause*,
Is the *poor Asse* condemn'd by *Lydford Laws*?
Sure if he *Die* you'll let him know the *Cause*.

What think you then? If he that doth *declaime*
'Gainst *Drunkennesse*, and *Swearing* merits shame;
Then he that writ the *Cry*, was much to blame.

Or if those men of *Israel* who (with tears)
Complain'd of *Eli's* Sons, were *Mutineers*;
Then *Balaam's Asse* deserves to lose his *Ears*.

But if amongst the *pious Learned* train,
Dunces are crept, who their profession stain,
Be patient Sirs, our *Cry* was not in vain.

What shall the *Asse* forsake his *Masters crib*,
And follow those that use to *swear* and *bib*?
No, He fears neither *Pillory* nor *Gib*.

Let *Fools* and *Traytors* dread such things, not I,
Who in the *Dangerous* times of *Tyranny*,
Own'd that, which now they say I do *deny*.

I that oppos'd *Presbytery* when Some
Comply'd, and *Flatter'd*, Others were struck *dumb*;
'Tis known how ofs I pray'd *Thy Kingdom come*.

His *Sacred Majesty* I have *ador'd*,
And alwayes reverenc'd the *Mitred Lord*;
And will *defend* them both with *Pen* and *Sword*.

I quarrel not wish him that *bows* the *Knee*
Toward the *East*, Although the *Altars* bee
Mere *Stumbling-stones* to Some, th'are none to Mee.

For

For well I know the King and Parliament,
Our *Lawful Lords* may by a joyne consche
Make *Necessary* of *Indifferent*.

As for the Harmless *Tapers* let them burn;
Yet when the *Bridegroom* wakes her from her urn,
These will not serve the *Sleepy Virgins* turn.

To *Gowns*, and *Surplices* I am a Friend;
Let Others *Cavill*, they that will contend
About these things have sure some *farther end*.

But yet how prudentlie the *King* prevents
The *Churches Rape*; Hee sees their *base* intents
That 'gin to *Rifle* her of her *Ornaments*.

Nor must false *Achan* long enjoy his *wedge*,
Justice prepares a *Halter* and a *Sledge*;
These are the *bitter fruits* of *Sacriledge*.

These *deep-dy'd Rebells*, *Hyppocrites* in grain
That Swallow'd *Bishops* Lands, oh what a pain
Was it for them to *belch* them up again.

Then welcome *Loyal Hearts*, that scorn'd to take
Those *dangerous Oathes* that did *Three Kingdoms* shake,
You that were *sequestred* for *Conscience-sake*.

Shine forth again Yee *Pious* and *Devout*
Sons of the *Church*, your *Sufferings* without doubt
Did onlie *snuff* your *Light*, not *put it out*.

Yet there are *Some* whose *Age* and former *smarts*
Have much *impair'd* their *Learning* and their *Parts*,
Enough to *crack* their *Brains*, and *break* their *Hearts*.

And *plead* wee against *these*? no; let my *tongue*
Be *Curs'd* for ever, if I do them *wrong*;
They shall not bear the *burden* of my *Song*.

He that hath suffer'd *poverty*, *disgrace*,
Sicknesse, and *banishment* from place to place;
Heav'n *blast* that *Hand* that *throws dirt* in his *face*.

Yet *Priests* there are, who neither have been true
To *God* nor *Cæsar*, *Oh 'tis here the Shoe*
Doth pinch, the *Devil* hath His *Martyrs* too.

And now me thinks the *Reader pittyes* us,
And cryes; What kind of *Beast* is this Whom thus
The *Asse* calls *Ignorant* and *Scandalous*?

Went he to th' *University*? What then?
So the *French* King with twenty thousand men
Went up the Hill and so came down agen.

What did hee there? he *ate*, and *drank* and *slept*,
Hee playd at *foot-ball*; and at last he *crept*
Into a *Hood*, Then int' *Pulpit stept*.

How hap'd it then that he was not *refus'd*
By th' *Bishops*? (Friends pray let them be excus'd)
The *Prelates* oftentimes have been *abus'd*.

As in this Case; A *Patron* of our age
Presents one *Mopsus* to a Viccarage,
Far fitter for a *Bear-ward*, or a *Stage*.

Now for a Handsom *trick* they cast about
This *Mopsus* was A *foul unlearned Lout*,
And knew the *Bishop* soon would *find* him out.

Then learned *Corydon* in *Mopsus* name
Went and obtain'd the *place* for which he came;
And now Sir *Mopsus* doth *possess* the same.

Thus a *Good Prelat* may be soon *betray'd*,
When the *loose* * *Patron Pins a Chamber-maid*
Upon Sir *John*, her *Dowry* must be paid.

* Yet the Patron in this Case had no such corrupt intent.

Should

Should these things hold What's *Learning* or the
'Tis *Money* rules the World and some inherit
Their *Parsonages* by *favour*, not by *merit*.

This this Begat the *Cornetryes* scorn and *hate*,
And made their *Squeamish* Stomachs *nauseate*,
That *Pow'r* which now hath *broke* the *Serpents pate*.

But lo a *Reformation!* oh sing praise
To *Heav'n*, for now the *Bishops* clearer rayes
Will *chase* these *fogs*, and give us *better-dayes*.

Ye *rigid Presbyters* lay down your *Pride*,
And Joyn; you Know once when a *Case* was try'd,
Shee had no *interest* that said *Divide*.

Yea *Dippers*, now *baptize* your selves in tears,
And be not *Drawn* to *Error* by the *ears*;
In spite of *Hell*, Let's all be *Cavaliers*.

Shall our *Religion* be (like *Josephs coat*)
Motly, and *bloudy*? Then the *World* will note
'Tis a *true sign* wee *cut* our *Master's throat*.

Yee *Consciencious Romists* why do wee
Wrangle with you? Is it not time t'*agree*?
Take you our *Faith*, Lend us your *Charity*.

Oh! If all these would lay aside their *passion*,
How would the *Gospel* flourish in the *Nation*,
Free from old *Legends*, and new *Revelation*!

Then *Englands Church* would *out-shine* other *Spires*,
Like the *Bright Moon* amongst the *Lesser fires*;
And this is all that the *poor Asse* desires.

Now as for that *ingenious pen* that writ
Balaam's reply: I shall not carp at it;
His Verses savour both of grace *and* wit.

But